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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE occupation of Omdurman and Khartoum by British and Egyptian forces, and the complete rout of the Dervish army, crowns an effort of splendid courage and endurance, and of marvellous organising skill, and establishes permanently, as we may hope, the power of civilisation over Upper Egypt. The rule of the Khalifa has been marked by horrible and brutal cruelty and hopeless barbarism, and we must rejoice that it is at an end. Universal admiration is expressed for Sir Herbert Kitchener's generalship, and for the conduct of the troops, both British and native.

AMONG those who have fallen in the conflict it is pathetic to be obliged to count one who was not actually engaged in it. Great sympathy will be felt for the Earl of Carlisle, whose second son, the Hon. Hubert Howard, was killed in the streets of Omdurman, while as *Times* correspondent he was pressing forward to obtain the first news of the European prisoners in the city.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S., delivered his address as President of the British Association at Bristol on Wednesday, and dealt first with a subject of surpassing interest and practical importance—the wheat supply of the world. With a steadily growing population, the wheat-producing capacity of the world on all available lands will have to be increased, and the agent for this, it seems, is nitrate. Whereas an acre will now produce on an average 12·7 bushels, the use of nitrate will secure 20 bushels, and who knows how much more, with other improve-

ments in methods of cultivation. But if the nitrate of Chili should be exhausted, the chemist magician with the help of electricity can bring it down out of the air, and Niagara will furnish sufficient motive power.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES is also president of the Psychical Research Society, and at the conclusion of his address to the Association vindicated the scientific nature of his earlier examination of spiritualist phenomena. "Were I now," he said, "introducing for the first time these inquiries to the world of science I should choose a starting-point different from that of old. It would be well to begin with telepathy; with the fundamental law, as I believe it to be, that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognised organs of sense—that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known or recognised ways."

THE Cabot memorial tower, which has been erected on Brandon Hill, Bristol, was on Tuesday declared open to the public, the ceremony being performed by the Marquis of Dufferin. The tower bears the following inscription :—

"This tower was erected by public subscription in the sixty-first year of the reign of Queen Victoria to commemorate the fourth centenary of the discovery of the continent of North America, on 24th June, 1497, by John Cabot, who sailed from this port in the Bristol ship *Matthew*, with a Bristol crew, under letters patent granted by King Henry VII. to the navigator and his sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanctus."

On the south side, under the Merchant Venturers' arms, is a tablet bearing the following inscription :—

"This tablet is placed here by the Bristol branch of the Peace Society in the earnest hope that peace and friendship may ever continue between the kindred peoples of this country and America. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men.'—Luke ii. 14."

A CELEBRATION of historical interest was held a fortnight ago at Lissa, in Posen, a town of the ancient kingdom of Poland. In connection with the 350th anniversary of the settlement of a community of the United Brethren of Bohemia at Lissa, a monument was unveiled, which has been erected to the memory of Comenius, the last bishop of the United Brethren, at the time of their final expulsion from Bohemia and Moravia. Comenius was a native of Nivnitz in the latter country and was born 1592. He was pastor of the Brethren

at Fulnek, when in 1621 the town was occupied by Spanish troops, and he and his people were driven into exile. From Lissa, where he settled in charge of his flock, he was also driven finally in 1656, when that place was burnt, and he died in 1670 at Amsterdam. Comenius is remembered as an educational reformer, and was invited to this country as member of a Commission, which was to be appointed to reform our educational system, but the outbreak of war in 1642 intervened, and Comenius went to Sweden on a similar mission. Several of his educational works were extremely popular and were translated into many languages. Some of the books were illustrated, and his "*Orbis Sensualium Pictus*" of 1658 is said to be the first children's picture-book.

A NEW monthly paper or magazine, the *Trade Unionist*, already issued, though dated for October, promises to be of great interest and value to those in whose special service it is issued. The Editor is Mr. F. Maddison, M.P., who in his opening address says, that while ever increasing attention is paid to industrial topics by the ordinary Press of the country there is still room for a journal that shall combine with labour news full information on technical subjects. "The *Trade Unionist* will seek to cater for workmen in the shop and club-room, helping them to improve their skill as craftsmen and their power as organised factors in production." The first number, (admirably issued by the Ideal Publishing Union, 33, Paternoster-row, 3d.), contains among other matter an illustrated interview with Mr. Sam Woods, M.P., an article on "Conciliation in Industrial Pursuits," by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., and technical articles with illustrations on "Launching a Battle Ship," "A New System of Winding Yarns and Cords," "Electricity in Mining," and "Fireproof Buildings."

THE Dean of Ripon has written a valuable letter to *The Times* urging that the right way out of the present troubles in the Church of England is the granting of proper constitutional power to the laymen of the parishes. When Mr. Freemantle was vicar of Marylebone, he organised a parish council with the best results, though his successor, having no faith in such a method, simply allowed it to lapse. At present, the Dean points out, the clergyman of a parish is far too absolute. In the matter of services, the character of the ritual, the hymn-book to be used, and in all parochial activities, the people are entirely in the hands of their vicar.

What is the result of this? It is the de-

pression of the higher Christian energy of the laity, or its diversion into sectarian channels. Men feel that they are managed and manipulated in a way which would not be tolerated in any other sphere of life. One who wishes to do good will often meet with something like a snub and will not subject himself to the process again. He may see things going wrong, but, when he has remonstrated and been baffled by an autocratic power, he resigns the attempt at improvement. Consequently, the exercise of gifts of counsel, invention, and mental activity for the good of the parish fall into abeyance. The sense of helplessness engenders either slavish acquiescence or, as in times like the present, an outburst of almost aimless discontent. In the body of the parochial church one member suffers from plethora and all the rest from atrophy. To use St. Paul's expressions, "The gifts of the Spirit" are "quenched." "The present crisis," the Dean adds, "is a loud call upon the laity to abandon their supineness and fear of responsibility and to establish a system by which they may exert their proper power, both in the way of initiative and in that of control, in every parish in England."

THE Annual Address of the Methodist Conference, which was read at the Hull meeting, is printed for circulation among the churches. It is not unaffected by the movements of thought, which are so marked a feature of the present time, and contains the following passage on the right and wrong use of tolerance:—

Nothing will be lost by frankly recognising the right of each individual to think for himself in matters of faith, if at least he is prepared to think seriously. Those who have nominally a voice in determining the lines of political action to be pursued by the statesmen who govern us and in shaping the many-sided programmes of the municipalities to which they belong, will not consent to a religious dictation which disfranchises the noblest faculties of the mind. Men will insist upon the right of thinking for themselves, even when they have not as yet been educated to a wise and deep-searching use of that right. The fact must be patiently reckoned with, although its outcome in some cases may be extravagant vapouring and wanton egotism. But tolerance of temper may sometimes be a veil for our supineness, and this intellectual virtue may pass almost unconsciously into a moral and a religious vice. We are tempted to say that because our neighbour has the right of judgment in matters of religion and is accountable for the careful exercise of it, he must bear his own burden, and so we come to make our responsibility for those in whose midst God has placed us comparatively light. Is it not because of this that we feel a less profound concern for the salvation of our neighbours than was felt by our devoted forefathers? That in the present day every man is his own watchman and that to blow the blast of warning for another will be accounted the impertinence of an overweening piety is an easy inference to draw and an inference which abets our lethargy. Our tolerance sometimes passes into an indulgent attitude towards sin, as though the distinction between right and wrong might be matter of opinion, and in the midst of our endless babble about brotherhood we forget that the rebuke of sin is one of its first principles.

AMONG our summer visitors we are glad to welcome the Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia, formerly the colleague and now successor to the late Dr. W. H. Furness, and a son of Samuel J. May, one of the bravest and gentlest of the Abolitionists. Mr. May is at present travelling in the country, but hopes during October to be in town.

THE last three numbers of the *Mill Hill Pulpit*, containing "Lessons from Rome

for use in England," we noticed as they appeared, and quoted passages of special interest. The current number also contains a parable from Italy, as will be seen from the title of the sermon: "The Word of Life. Thoughts beside the Crater of Vesuvius." From this also we would gladly have quoted, but found that without printing the greater part of the sermon it would be difficult. Both for the sake of the striking picture of Vesuvius, and of the lessons of faith Mr. Hargrove draws from it, we trust this sermon will be widely read.

JAPAN MISSION.

THE Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, reports as follows in the *Christian Register* of the mission supported by that Association in Japan:—

The commencement exercises at Senshin Gakuin were held on June 25, in presence of a large audience, including the American Minister to Japan. Four young Japanese scholars received degrees, three of them graduating with honours. The exercises were in charge of Mr. Kishimoto, and opened with a religious service conducted by Mr. Kanda.

The commencement addresses were delivered by the Rev. Clay MacCauley, who distributed the diplomas, by one of the graduates of the year, and by the Rev. Mr. Yebina, the leading liberal orthodox preacher of Japan. The appearance of Mr. Yebina upon the platform of the Unitarian school was especially significant, as illustrating the new alliance among the liberal Christians in Japan. After the orations, refreshments were served; and in the afternoon the alumni and friends of Senshin Gakuin had their annual dinner and re-union.

It is interesting to note that the methods pursued by the mission of this Association are being adopted by Japanese sects for the promulgation of their thought. The Nichiren sect, one of the most popular and peculiarly Japanese sects of Buddhism, has just taken up Post-office Mission work. In their circular the officers of the sect say: "Some years ago the Unitarians adopted a peculiar manner of making their faith known in Japan. It was well managed and successful. The Nichiren sect has decided to adopt the same method of making the truth known. Twice each year the authorities of the organisation will publish extensive series of pamphlets in explanation of Nichiren's teachings, and will distribute them as freely and as fully as the Japan Unitarian Association distributes its own information for the people."

In connection with this action, one of our Japanese workers writes: "I hope they will publish the Nichiren doctrines in full, and give readers some idea of what they really are. Then our people may be put into the way of searching for a rational faith. The main defect among our people is that they do not know what their own religious principles are. Religion in Japan is shut up in the temples and monasteries. It has no relation to the daily life of the people. They are Buddhists by birth and name, but they do not know what Buddhism is. They think it is something good for them, but they no more understand it than the horse understands the grass he feeds on. It is my belief that, when my people know what

their inherited faith is, they will not be satisfied with it. I hope our American friends will be patient. Our hidden labours are working, and by-and-by the leaven will rise up with great energy."

Mr. MacCauley, director of the mission, reports to the secretary the plan by which Mr. Saji, pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Tokio, proposes to make a missionary journey to the chief centres of influence in the empire. Reading circles for the study of liberal Christianity are growing up in a number of places. "I am sure," says Mr. MacCauley, "that our steadfast witnessing of the truth in Japan is sure to have an effect for good far beyond what many of our home friends have thought possible. If the friends at home could only realise what the facts are concerning the Association's work in Japan!"

A BROADENING ORTHODOXY.

THE majority of the congregation of a Presbyterian Church at Los Angeles, California, under the ministry of the Rev. B. E. Howard, has recently, for causes on which we need not dwell, been led to separate from the Presbyterian connection, and have accepted fellowship with the Congregationalists, being enrolled as the Fourth Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Mr. Howard has leased the Los Angeles Theatre, and holds largely-attended Sunday morning services there. The society has been re-organised as the Church of the Covenant, and the following articles have been adopted as its all-sufficient creed:—

PRINCIPLES.

We believe in one God and Father of all, who is in all and through all and over all.

We believe in one Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, whose mission was to "seek and to save that which was lost."

We believe in repentance and forgiveness of sins.

We believe the Spirit of God to be the power that makes for righteousness in men and in history.

We believe in the spirit and words of Jesus.

We believe in the clean heart and in the service of love.

We accept the record of Divine truth found in the Scriptures.

We promise to walk in the mind of Christ, to trust God, to love our fellow-men, and to seek after righteousness.

COVENANT.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Beloved, do you now take this church to be your church, and this people to be your people; and do you covenant this day to walk with us in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace, to give yourself with us to the furtherance of the gospel; and do you enter into fellowship with us in the Master's service, promising to this household of the faith, so far as in you lies, that sympathy and support and devotion which shall make it a living power for righteousness in this community?

This radical departure has created no little stir in the community. It is of interest to note that a church so organised is held to be sufficiently "orthodox" to be recognised among the Congregationalists.

OUR HYMNODY.—IV.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I HAVE spoken of the new birth of sacred song, which came in the last century, through the hymns first of Isaac Watts, produced in the service of the Nonconformist churches, and later of Charles Wesley, the chief singer of the great Methodist revival. I had shown how through all the centuries of the Christian Church the ancient book of Psalms had remained the most cherished possession, in constant use in the services of supplication and thanksgiving, and how the old singing versions of the Psalms (born of the Reformation in this country) had prepared the way for a more independent hymnody. Then with the last century came the desire for a fuller expression of the rich and manifold experiences of the Christian life, which was first fully met by the singers I have named, while the ancient Psalms retained, and still retain, their place in the heart of Christendom, and are now sung in the nobler prose translation of their original form.

In the new hymnody much of the inspiration was still derived from the old Psalms, but there was added, especially in the case of such a man as Charles Wesley, all the richness and the vivid directness of expression which come from a genuine and ardent spiritual life. And of all the hymns that have been since produced, those only have a hope of surviving which have upon them this personal touch of a genuine experience.

This is eminently true of the most beautiful hymns of William Cowper, who stands out among the singers of last century following Charles Wesley, not only as holding by far the highest rank as a poet of those who have made any substantial contribution to our treasury of hymns, but as in himself a man of deeply interesting nature and attractive grace.

Cowper's hymns were written and published before he was known to the world as a poet, indeed before he had made any serious attempt at poetry in other forms. Born in 1731, the year after the appearance of Thompson's "Seasons," and thirteen years before the death of Pope, he did as a young man some slight literary work, while as a member of the Middle Temple he was living in London. But his first attack of insanity when he was thirty-two years of age completely separated those earlier years from his more serious manhood. He was proved utterly unfit to battle in his own strength against the world. His delicate, sensitive, and most affectionate nature had suffered much from the loss of his mother when he was only six years old, from the rough discipline of the public school to which he was sent, and afterwards from disappointment and the morbid solitude of his life in chambers. The cloud of distinct mental disease ended for the moment his nervous struggle, and on his recovery he gave himself up to the retirement of a simple country life.

He was fortunate in finding a home with thoroughly congenial friends, first in the little country town of Huntingdon, and afterwards at Olney. Mr. Stopford Brooke thus describes his surroundings: "The slow-eddy Uuse flowed close to his dwelling through its willow-haunted meadows; it accompanied his walks, and its quiet movement seems to flow through

his poetry. Day after day Yardley Wood and the park of the Throckmortons saw the silent poet-face moving amidst their trees. But little society disturbed that sequestered life; few were the men, and fewer the women, whom he met; he accompanied with sheep and birds, with his hares and his spaniel, till he grew to know them as his friends."

Such a retired life might have been much more salutary for him, in spite of the somewhat enervating climate of the low-lying country, if it had not been for the religious atmosphere in which unfortunately he found himself, and which was the very worst to which such a nature as his could be subjected. His new friends were Calvinists, and the curate in charge at Olney, when he and the Unwins settled there, was John Newton, a man of strong and somewhat over-bearing nature, though earnestly devoted to the ministry, a vehement preacher of evangelical doctrine in the form of uncompromising Calvinism. He was utterly unable to understand how a nature so sensitive and self-distrustful as Cowper's should be treated. Only a robust self-confidence and assurance of salvation, with a certain power (one would think) of shutting out the vision of those destined by Divine decree to everlasting perdition, could make the doctrine for a moment endurable, and this is just what was impossible to the poet. It was not Newton, and it was not Calvinism that drove Cowper mad—the seeds of the melancholy disease were there to begin with, and his first attack was due to quite different causes. But conditions more likely to hasten and aggravate his sufferings than those he fell into at Olney under the ascendancy of Newton, it would be difficult to imagine.

One cannot help thinking what his life might have been, and what his hymns might have been to the world if he had been spared that dreadful nightmare of a most cruel and remorseless creed, and could have lived in the vigorous air and the sunlight of a genuine Christian faith. Sometimes in his hymns there are gleams of the truer light, and in his other poetry, as Mr. Brooke has pointed out, he soars far away "beyond the narrow sect to which he belonged into an infinitely wider universe." The world was naturally beautiful to him, and he delighted in all generous thoughts. He had pleasure in his garden and the dumb animals about him, and in quiet country walks. All cruelty and oppression were repugnant to him, and his sympathies were quick in response to every form of genuine humanity. In his poems there are scathing rebukes of different forms of hypocrisy and worldliness; and also many charming pictures of innocent and healthy life. In his own true instincts he would have found material enough for a calm and happy faith, if it had not been for the blight of the dreadful creed that was forced upon him.

Thus he describes the surroundings of his home:—

Here unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander; neither mist,
Nor freezing sky, nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Even in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The timorous
hare,

Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove un-
alarmed
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.

In such a picture there is unalloyed delight as of a primitive and innocent nature, in the simple and quiet beauty of the world. And then further, looking upon the great order of the world, he confesses:—

The Lord of all, Himself thro' all diffused
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintained,
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow-circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.

If only he could have carried through that last line in all his thinking, "whose beneficence no charge exhausts," it would have broken down the worst terror of his creed. It was that confidence in eternal Goodness, in the unbounded power and will of God to bless, if only he could have held fast to it, which would have been his salvation. But he was not permitted to be true to himself!

He tells in beautiful and pathetic lines of the deliverance from the burden of sin, which Christ had brought to him.

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I with-
drew

To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

There was I found by One who had Himself

Been hurt by the archers. In His side He

bore,

And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.

With gentle force soliciting the darts,

He drew them forth, and healed and bade me
live.

Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.

This refers to the period after his first attack of insanity, when under the care of Dr. Cotton at St. Albans he had been touched by the brighter and tenderer side of the evangelical teaching, and had enjoyed for a time the full assurance of Divine acceptance.

It was then, when he made his home with the Unwins at Huntingdon that he wrote the hymn:—

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy and love
She communes with her God!

There like a nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour! thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

That is a true hymn, an outpouring of genuine feeling, with a lyric touch in the expression; and it shows what Cowper might have done, under happier conditions, to enrich our treasury of sacred song.

It was largely in the hope of counteracting the growing melancholy which Newton noticed in his friend, that he suggested to Cowper that they two should make a collection of hymns for publication, and this was the origin of the famous "Olney Hymns." Cowper only wrote sixty-eight of the 348 hymns the book contains, for in the interval between the beginning of the work and the publication in 1779, he had again been overwhelmed, and his writing was broken off.

Before suggesting this book, Newton does not seem to have written many hymns, but having set to work, he speaks at one time of producing a hymn regularly once a week. That being his method it is not surprising that a great many of them of very poor and prosaic. But others are of higher quality. It was he who wrote:—

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

The lines touch us with an added force, when we remember what the writer's past life had been. Six years older than Cowper, he had spent as a young man years of the wildest, roughest life at sea and on the West Coast of Africa—even after his conversion, when he was teaching himself Euclid and reading the New Testament in Greek, engaged in the slave trade. But it was a passionate religious conviction that finally had mastered him, and simply by the force of his own indomitable purpose he had made his way into the Church. In the year of publishing the "Olney Hymns" he removed to a living in London, where he was a great light among the evangelical clergy.

Of Cowper's sixty-eight hymns not all are admirable, because, I suppose, not all were spontaneously sung. But some are perfect, and others have an added pathetic interest from their connection with his sorrowful story.

It is said that the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way" was written at the time when he was emerging from the second cloud that had overwhelmed him:—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour.
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his works in vain.
God is his own interpreter
And he will make it plain.

His madness took the form of settled melancholy and utter self-despair. He believed himself eternally cast off by God. But in his hymns, as in the other poems (as I have shown you), there are glimpses of a happier faith.

When darkness long has veiled my mind
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart
And blush that I could ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

O let me, then, at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn;

And again:—

May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.
Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late.
No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

And once more:—

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

These are detached verses from several hymns.

But this tone Cowper could not maintain. Yet it is touching to find that even when he refused, because of his own hopeless state, to write any more hymns of himself, he found some sad pleasure in working for others, and made those translations from Mme. Guyon, which include the hymn:—

O thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

He could not feel that; but the hymn remains among our permanent treasures, touched by the pathos of his writing it.

When at last he was dying he said, in answer to a question, "I feel unutterable despair." But afterwards it is recorded that the expression with which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise. He had sung:—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

May we not take that happier look upon his face after the long struggle was over as an earthly symbol of what had come to him, freed from the morbid shadows of his poor diseased brain, freed also from the bondage of the detestable creed that had enthralled him, for the pure and tender spirit, "a season of clear shining, to cheer it after rain?"

We are thankful for those hymns of Cowper's, which belong to the common heritage of all trustful worshippers of the Father in heaven. His is one of the sweetest voices that in modern times has swelled the great chorus of praise. But we are yet more thankful to believe that the sorrows of his gentle spirit are long since forgotten, that his song of praise is now far richer and more full of joy, and the cloud that settled on his heart is dissipated in the glorious light of the eternal love of God.

PEOPLE can generally find time for what they choose to do, for it is not really the time, but the will that is wanting.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

LITERATURE.

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.*

IN this essay of 350 pp. the Bishop-designate of Calcutta offers help to the perplexed, by commending the belief in Immortality on grounds independent of Christianity. He investigates the nature of the belief, sketches its history, and discusses its value. He then groups his main arguments in two chapters concerning the "external" and the "internal" "evidences," and finally presents the whole question in the light of the teachings of the New Testament. The book is of very unequal quality. It contains much earnest thought, and many eloquent passages. The author is often courageous and explicit in treating of matters which less resolute thinkers might thrust into the background, such as the questions connected with the "souls" of animals. On the other hand, he seems a good deal more at home in dealing with classical than with Biblical literature; he is often reserved, not to say timid, where he might have been expected to be more definite, and incongruities of argument or feeling sometimes suggest that the subject matter has not been thoroughly welded into a whole in the writer's mind.

No one can seriously treat this great theme, as it is earnestly and seriously treated here, without embodying in his presentation of it a more or less complete criticism of life. Dr. Welldon certainly has no hesitations. "To man," he says, "this faith is all in all. Without it life is poor and sad and purposeless. It were better—I speak as I think—not to be born." It is, perhaps, as well that this confession should be withheld to the last page. But it explains, for example, the insistence on the argument derived from the moral necessity of compensation in another life for the sufferings of this. This is the thought that lies in the background of such passages as the following:—

The belief in Immortality supplies a sanction for all virtues. There is no discipline—no sacrifice—so great that it cannot be justified upon the plain assumption that God who is Almighty will at His pleasure within the eternal spaces of futurity recompense and satisfy all such virtuous actions as are performed, at whatever present loss or sorrow, for His sake. (P. 136.)

Immortality throws its protecting shield over the whole field of human duty. It is the promise that no resolute effort or generous service, no refusal of sin, no persistency in virtue, no cup of cold water given in charity to a disciple, shall lose its reward. Within the sphere of Immortality lies the justification for all the demands that conscience makes of Humanity. (P. 143.)

That is to imply that duty is not justified in its demands for self-sacrifice until it has its assurance of compensation by-and-by. But Dr. Welldon does not inform us what is the quality in moral action which entitles it to claim an eternity of reward hereafter for the renunciations of threescore and ten years here. On this ground of satisfaction nothing more can be required than a corresponding equivalent in time and in intensity. In truth, however, Dr. Welldon does not rate the heart of man so low.

* "The Hope of Immortality." By the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Headmaster of Harrow School, London: Macmillan and Co. 1898.

as these passages seem to imply. Elsewhere we are told, "Love which asks for love in return is but half love. Love in its nature is selfless; it gives all, it asks for nothing." Cannot the love of goodness, then, the love of truth and purity, be trusted to front danger and endure difficulty "for God's sake," though no promise of compensation be written across the vistas of eternity? If our author would but rise to the height of his own argument, he would win from his readers a fuller sympathy. As it is, what is to be made of the following strange passage:—

If the faith of the people in God and in Immortality is done away, and their privations, their labours, their sufferings, remain, is it reasonable to think that they will acquiesce in an inequality which was always hard to bear and is now felt to be hopeless, because it fills the whole space of their existence? (P. 142.)

This sounds as if the writer proposed to avoid the risks and worries of awkward social demands in the present by drawing on the unlimited resources of the future; the privations belong to that state of life in which Providence has placed so large a portion of the community; let them do their duty now without asking for mitigation or redress, and they may hope to be made comfortable when they are dead. Is this the welcome which the Church addresses to the working classes whom she seeks to win?

Dr. Welldon is obviously much better trained in Aristotle than in the Old Testament. Not every schoolmaster, nor even every bishop, can be expected to have the general knowledge of the literature of Israel which will soon be demanded of a generation of clergy disciplined on Dr. Driver's well-known "Introduction." But it is not convincing now-a-days to be told (p. 94) that "the theology of the Pentateuch is a re-action against the superstition of the Egyptian hierarchy" (by the way, how can a theology be a re-action?) or (p. 102) that Job is "perhaps the earliest book in the Bible!" We can follow our author more readily when he says (p. 278) that "the Gospel called St. John's looks more like the work of a pupil faithfully recording, to the best of his memory, a master's oral teaching—as the treatises of Aristotle are, no doubt, in substance the notes of his pupils—than the work of the master himself." It is, perhaps, an incautiousness when it is said that there is no record of any occasion when Jesus sought to "prove" Immortality. Has Dr. Welldon forgotten the argument offered to the Sadducees on the basis of the great announcement at "the Bush"? The treatment of the "Christian Revelation" in the concluding chapter will not be satisfactory to those who find that revelation in the spirit and not in the letter. There is no hint of the connection of the language of Jesus with the eschatology of his time: and there is little attempt at interpreting the mysteries of future destiny in the light of his central doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. On the other hand, the writer shrinks from affirming everlasting torment, "the life is 'æonian,' and the punishment endured within it 'æonian'; but it is the language of earth applied to the life of heaven or hell": he anticipates that the agony of alienation may hereafter extort an exceedingly bitter cry for the pardon and peace of

heaven, but he finds himself confronted with a mystery of silence, "beyond this point Revelation does not pass; and it were idle, if not even impious, to dream of passing." One might apply at this point his own view (p. 197) "that as all creation—i.e., every created thing [query the roses in my garden or the Milky Way] was mysteriously implicated in man's Fall, so all creation is participant in his Redemption." "In the light of this conception," adds Dr. Welldon, "it would seem natural that immortality should be the prerogative of the lower animals as well as men, but that the immortality of the lower animals should be conditioned by the limitations (whatever they may be) of their own nature." If the tiger may be "regenerated by the incarnation of the Son of God" (cf. the extract from Wesley, Sermon LX., cited on pp. 193-4), may lose its ferocity, and live for ever in virtue of an immaterial and indissoluble soul (p. 260), why may not the criminal, convinced of the evil of his ways, or the sinner who longs to abandon his lusts for the purity of the saints, share the same process of renewal in another life as much as in this? Speculation can no more be forbidden in the case of the human soul than in that of the beast's, and it has a vastly greater significance.

Dr. Welldon's book is bold where one might expect it to be cautious, hesitating where we should have wished it to be strong. It is founded on an estimate of life which we cannot share, and on views of Providence and of Christianity from which we dissent. But it is full of manly piety, and sometimes—as in the discussion of prayer for the dead—of delicate tenderness. Whether it will permanently hold its ground as "a serious contribution to theological thought upon one of the greatest of subjects" (preface) may be doubted. But in this age, when the personal utterance of an earnest faith carries in this matter more help than volumes of arguments, the writer's prayer will assuredly be realised (p. 10) "that the great doctrine of Immortality may through this essay be made a little clearer and dearer to some human soul."

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY.*

THE work before us is an excellently written history of the six attempts which have been made to destroy, by nullification or secession, the Constitution on which the American Union was based. The first of these six attempts took place only eight years after the Constitution had been adopted. The last and most formidable had its issue in the Civil War. These efforts were not necessarily evil in their purpose. There was an honest and quite justifiable difference of opinion on certain important points, notably on the right of States to withdraw at will from a Union they had entered voluntarily. This point was raised so early as 1803, when New England attempted to create a Northern Confederacy to consist of its own five States with New York and New Jersey. More than half a century later the Southern States claimed the same right to with-

draw—a claim which for a time many persons in the North were willing to grant. To this day it is an open question whether the strictly legal right was not on their side. But the position had become complicated. Something deeper than a strictly legal right had to be taken into account. The Constitution was no longer of the merely paper kind. It had entered, partly at least, into the lives and habits of the people. By lapse of time the independent co-operation of several States had become welded into a nation, possessing, as such, certain vested interests which it was entitled to defend. Add to this that a moral principle was involved, and we must conclude that, however well suited to the atmosphere of law courts the argument for secession might have been, it was rightly overridden.

That six attempts at nullification and secession have been made within a century is not so surprising as that there have been only six. The fact speaks well for the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution that they should have been able to gauge so truly the widely varying needs of the different States; and it speaks well for their patriotism also that self-seeking and private interest were not strong enough to fatally mar their work. A perfectly effective working Constitution cannot be made on paper; it must grow out of the needs and character of the people. Flaws were inevitable in the United States Constitution; and some of these, at least, have been gradually removed. Probably its chief flaw was, and still is, that it is in advance of the people. It does not reflect them accurately, but flatters them. Therein it may serve as an ideal to be aimed at, or on the other hand it may pander to self-satisfaction. That all men were born free and equal is a noble sentiment; but in view of the way in which, throughout the States, negroes are still treated, it would be misleading to assume that it is a sentiment which the Americans, as yet, fully understand.

Nevertheless, we have no sympathy with a certain section of British critics of America, who point out, not without satisfaction, the faults and flaws of American customs and foretell the final collapse of the Republic. Of the faults and flaws there can be no doubt, but the healthy moral vigour of the people will in time reduce them. A nation which could imperil its existence and shed its own blood to purge itself of the curse of slavery is a nation likely in due time to rise above other wrongs. What more is to be looked for in any Democracy? The People, untrained, inexperienced, are as likely to blunder when they control the States as kings blundered before them; but in time they will discover their errors and retrieve them. Those who doubt the future of America would do well to read, for their instruction, the masterly account of perils faced and conquered, given by Mr. Powell in the book under review. There are other perils ahead, as Mr. Powell clearly points out; but there is also, as history amply proves, a reserve of moral strength which will not fail in emergencies.

WALTER LEWIN.

ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

IN this month's *Nineteenth Century* the Rev. Father Clarke, S.J., offers "A Catholic View of 'Helbeck of Bannisdale.'" The

* "Nullification and Secession in the United States." A History of the Six Attempts during the First Century of the Republic. By Edward Payson Powell. London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

vehemence of the attack on Mrs. Ward's presentment of a Catholic household and of its influence on the heroine of the story, though not surprising as coming from a Jesuit, is by no means convincing. Great injustice is done to Mrs. Ward by the assumption of the article that her purpose was to write disparagingly of Roman Catholicism, and to exaggerate whatever may appear repulsive in it. Father Clarke thinks it natural and inevitable that Laura must have ultimately surrendered to "the Church," and consequently uses some very strong expressions about Mrs. Ward's conclusion of her story. He fails to appreciate the real tragedy of Laura's life, who by her passionate love was driven to desire and strive to be convinced, and to become a Catholic, but at last saw clearly that it would be a treachery even to her love. Her suicide may have been a rash act of pathetic despair, but it was not a "cowardly, vulgar, selfish crime." Father Clarke says that the motive of Mrs. Ward's book is obvious enough, but his article does not show that he has understood it.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. J. Horace Round writes on "Popular Church History," a decisive and timely exposure of the extraordinary methods of the extreme sacerdotal party in the perversion of facts, as seen in Nye's "The Church and Her Story" and Wakeman's "Introduction to the History of the Church of England." These books have a great circulation, and the pity is that Mr. Round's article cannot go wherever they go, to warn the unwary against the fancy picture of "the Church," which they present. In the same Review Sir Wyke Bayliss reiterates his views as to the Likeness of Christ in answer to Canon Farrar, and Mr. John Hollins utters a note of warning as to the Salvation Army. Himself a loyal member of the Army he sees danger in the future from the autocracy of the General, and urges that the rank and file of the Army should have some voice in the management. Such a proposal, though appearing strange on the face of it, in view of the "Army" phraseology, is less so when it is remembered that the rank and file practically support their officers and find the equipment of the Army. Another very interesting article is on "Christian Legends of the Hebrides," by A. Goodrich-Freer, gathering up many quaint and pathetic stories, in which the Gospel legends, and others which remind one more of the marvellous stories of the apocryphal Gospels, appear with an entirely local colouring, showing, as the writer thinks, how in primitive times the island folk had realised that Christ was not merely a far-off story but a living presence in their midst. There is also an article of great practical importance on English-women and agriculture, describing what is done, especially in Belgium, in most admirable training of girls for agricultural as well as household usefulness, and pleading for more of such teaching in this country, where all the conditions are favourable except the prejudice of society against such occupations for educated women. In dairy and poultry farms and as bee-keepers there is a great career, profitable and happy, open to capable women, if properly trained, very much to be preferred to the lot of hapless governesses and clerks in towns.

In the *Fortnightly* there is also an article which should be noted, "Take Care of the Boys," by B. Paul Neuman,

his plea being for boys' clubs. "Take care of the boys," he says, "and the men will take care of themselves." "The best way to fight crime is not to cage it in the man, but to slay it in the boy."

In the *National Review* Miss Catherine J. Dodd, of Owens' College, writes "A Study of School Children," with some very amusing instances of Board-school children's ideas of policemen, kings, and others. Miss Dodd advocates a scheme of instruction which will exercise the thinking powers of the child, the chief items in such a scheme being, language, history, and object lessons. "The great art of teaching is to know how to let the child judiciously alone." In an article by "Huguenot," "Letters of an Innocent," are reproduced the letters of Captain Dreyfus to his wife during his imprisonment, beginning in October, 1894—letters which clearly justify the title of the article.

In the *Westminster* Mr. Charles Ford writes on "Religious Doctrine, not Theological Creed," with special reference to Sabatier's "Vitality of Christian Dogmas," but urging that it is religion without dogma, yet not without doctrine, which is the great need. An Italian, Giovanni Della Vecchia, writes on the "Dangers of Ritualism," from bitter experience of the effect of the Roman Church on the character of his own people, declaring that no people valuing truth and honour and liberty of conscience can submit to sacerdotalism.

Professor Max Müller concludes the account of his Indian friends in the September *Cosmopolis* with a brief account of Behramji Malabari and of that heroic woman Ramabai, and their efforts on behalf of the child-widow of India, and with some general notes on the national character of the Hindus and Indian Theosophy. He is very jealous in defence of the veracity of the people, but he admits that their contact with Europeans often has unfortunate results. "The manners of the young Indians when they arrive at Oxford are generally excellent, but they soon acquire what they consider English manners, rough and ready, bluff and blunt, and by no means an improvement on their own. . . . Altogether the experiment of sending young Hindus to prepare for the Civil Service Examination in England has not, as far as I have been able to judge, proved a success. At Oxford they find it very hard to make friends among the better class of undergraduates. They have hardly any interests in common, and anything like friendship is out of the question. If the young students from India have money to spend, there is danger of their falling into bad company, and even if they pass their examinations I am afraid that some of them return to India not much improved by their English exile. The worst of it is that they often return *desillusionnés*."

The Professor believes that "great and lasting mischief has been wrought by Mme. Blavatsky and her friends, who went to India ignorant of Sanskrit and Sanskrit literature, and who have been for years proclaiming to the world at large that Hindu philosophy, particularly that of the Vedanta and that of Buddhism—which they did not always distinguish very carefully one from the other—was infinitely superior to all the philosophies of Europe. . . . Indian philosophy has gained some

Corybantic followers, but the true teaching of Badarayana and Kapila has been obscured rather than illuminated, by being mixed up with poor and contemptible conjuring tricks. New prejudices have been roused against the noble philosophies of Vedanta, Sankhya, and Yoga, which it will take many years to remove." Especially in its contrast of the Hindu with the Greek and Hebrew spirits, this article is of the utmost interest for all readers. Bismarck is dealt with in this number of *Cosmopolis* by Mr. Greenwood and Herr Max Lenz; the French and English short stories are excellent; and German and Scandinavian literature have special notice.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOSIAH GASKELL, J.P.

WE regret to record the death on the 3rd inst., at his residence, Burgrave Lodge, Ashton-in-Makerfield, of Mr. Josiah Gaskell, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. During his whole life he was connected with Park Lane Chapel, near Wigan, being descended in a direct line from one of the earliest supporters of the chapel. Since his retirement from business, some twenty years ago, he had devoted his time and energies to public work. He was a Magistrate for the county of Lancaster, Certifying Justice in Lunacy, County Alderman, Chairman of the Ashton Urban District Council, and Governor of the Cotton Districts Convalescent Fund, Trustee and Governor of the Ashton Charities. In addition to the many other offices he filled he was the Acting Trustee of Park Lane Chapel. His devotion to public work was remarkable, and there was scarcely a public institution in Wigan and its neighbourhood, with which he was not officially connected. He was buried at Park Lane Chapel on Wednesday, Aug. 7, amid many tokens of popular respect, the service being conducted by the Rev. George Fox and the Rev. J. E. Stead.

MR. J. WORSLEY AUSTIN, M.A., whom, after the completion of his course at Manchester College, and of a further term of study as a Hibbert Scholar, we had hoped to welcome into the ranks of our ministry in this country, has accepted an invitation to the pulpit of Dedham, Mass., and sailed from Liverpool on Tuesday by the s.s. *Pavonia* for Boston.

NATURE is a wise and powerful friend. People come to her dizzy, and tired of the world of men and their anxious ways. Lo, the charm begins to work! You are no longer free; you belong to something calmer, greater, than yourself. To all these drifting lights and fragrances, to these distant peaks, these shining rocks, "souls attuned to sorrow" come up, rebelling even against sunshine. They are dazzled by it; it hurts their heavy eyes, long used to darkness and to tears. Lo! Nature interposes with her balm, her innocent, sweet arts, her green wreaths and tranquil visions. The river starting from the rock, the green pastures sprinkled with cattle, interpose between you and haunting remembrance. You see your troubles through a vine-wreath, perhaps. Are you ashamed—provoked? That little brook babbling against its granite basin carries away the bitterness of your consternation.—Miss Thackeray.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

OUR HYMNODY.

SIR,—In the interesting articles on "Our Hymnody" no mention has been made of one distinguishing literary charm of Watts's hymns, which perhaps had a good deal to do with the great hold they took upon the common people at a time when Pope and other poets of greater repute than Watts were still stalking on their "classical" stilts in conformity with the artificial taste and pedantry of the period. By contrast with such writers, Watts's hymns are mainly composed of Anglo-Saxon vernacular words, mostly of one syllable only. Thus in his three-verse hymn, No. 191 in Dr. Martineau's "Hymns of Praise and Prayer"—

O that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

the twelve lines of which it consists contain only thirteen words of two syllables; all the rest are of one syllable. The same precisely is true of the three verses of the hymn, No. 397 in Dr. Martineau's "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home"—

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

The beauty and force of this twofold literary characteristic of Watts's hymns are even more strikingly exemplified in Mr. Thomas Hornblower Gill's lovely verse—

When in thy paths shall I delight,
Ere flowers make glad my feet?
When shall thy stroke upon me light,
And still my song be sweet?

Here there are only two words of two syllables; all the rest are of one syllable; and there are the additional attractions of two alluring alliterations and of two inspiring interrogations.

ALFRED BACHE.

COUNTRY AIR FOR WEAK AND AILING CHILDREN.—Miss A. Lawrence, 75, Lancaster-gate, London, W., begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt for this fund of the following sums:—H. M. J., £1; Daisy and Gertie Warren, 10s.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"Attention, Please."

You have been having several columns about holiday keeping, and they have been good to read. But by the time you read this, most of you will be back again at school—either at boarding school, or living at home and going to day-school. I hope you have all had a first-rate time. I am writing this away in the country, for our holidays are not quite over. We are at a farm-house on a hill-top and there are lovely views all round, and beautiful walks through fields and woods; and in many places there are great piles of rocks, such as boys like to scramble about and over. So some part of what I am going to say is good for holidays as well as for school-days.

I think we all get on better, in holidays as well as at our school or when we are doing our other work, if we pay attention to what we are doing. Games which are played carelessly or half-heartedly are not much fun. And lessons are certainly learnt in half the time if we keep our thoughts on them. I have sometimes noticed children who haven't really heard a word of what a teacher has been telling them, though he may have said it very carefully and clearly. Why haven't they heard? Because they haven't paid attention. We say of careless, inattentive people that what they hear goes in at one ear and out at the other. Of course, that is not what really happens. But we all know what it means.

Sometimes bright children are very inattentive. They listen when they like; but very often they don't like; and they are so full of their own thoughts, that they seem to have no time to spare for listening, except, perhaps, to things they are not meant to hear. But it is not always the brightest children who get on best; because they are apt to become careless. Some children who are not thought much of to begin with turn out very wise and useful. You all know the name of Mr. Edison, the clever American, who has invented the telephone and the phonograph and all sorts of wonderful things. He did not seem at all bright as a boy. Some people even thought him "a little addled." He was small and slight, and not very strong. But his brain was nourished, though his body was weak. And his father said of him, "He was for ever asking me questions. I often had to say, 'I don't know?' Then Tom would say 'Why don't you know?'"

Of course we can't all know everything, however bright we may be to begin with, and however much attention we pay. Do you remember a story about Sydney Smith, the wise and witty clergyman who lived a good many years ago? He once asked a young girl a question which she couldn't answer, so she said, "I don't know, Mr. Smith." "Ah, my dear," he replied, "what you don't know would fill a great book, wouldn't it?"

"Why don't you know?" said young Edison to his father. "Why don't you know?" we ask young folks sometimes when they have been hearing or reading, and yet can't answer questions. If you don't know, it is often because you haven't paid attention. If you have really tried to learn and understand, you need not be ashamed of not knowing; what

you don't know, in spite of all your learning, would always fill ever so many great books. And that is true of even the wisest men. But think for a moment in what way men have come to know as much as they do. Partly it is by teaching to which they have listened; partly by fresh observation. There was a time when observation had to do everything. That was a long time ago, but it must have been so once. And even now, when none of us can learn more than a very little of all there is to know, men go on adding to the stories of knowledge by observation, by so paying attention as to find out new things.

I once read of a boy who said he "knew science," because he had learnt something about the stars, or the way a pump works, or what sort of eyes a grasshopper has. But the more you really know the less are you likely to want to boast about it. And whether for your age and your size you know a good deal or a very little, you have come to know it by paying attention.

DENDY AGATE.

COMPANIONS IN TRAVEL.—Paul, from his command of language, struck the men of Lystra as being like Mercury, the god of speech, while Barnabas, in his large athletic frame, appeared to be like Jupiter. Paul is not like Barnabas; he has not the massive head and commanding stature; and Barnabas, on his part, has not the mental quickness and ready speech of Paul. It was better that two men who went together on a mission should have qualities which supplemented one another, rather than that they should be exactly alike. True that Barnabas might be said to be deficient in speech, and Paul defective in physical stature and strength, if we chose to look on that side of the account; but no man can excel in everything, and happily friends are often endeared to one another by their weaknesses as well as by their strength and excellence. It was just because those two men were *un-like*, and possessed qualities of a supplementary nature, that they were fitted to be companions in travel. None of us could excel in everything. But every person possesses some natural gift or power which might be cultivated and trained, so as to make that person useful and valued, or loved and welcomed, and may be indispensable to others.

We want to escape from that excessive self-consciousness which makes us see things not as they are, but merely as they affect our petty interest and comfort. Our judgment is warped when every situation takes form and colour from our own moods. When the sidewalk was crowded with people and you were in a hurry, were you never half ready to be irritated, as if they were wilfully in your way? Yet they were all moving at leisure about their own business. In the economy of Nature the wind and rain and snow have a large mission, and the winter is a handsome match for the summer. But what if I can think only of chill and damp, or of the gust at the street corner which whisks off my hat? Were the laws of the world made for our private convenience and to suit our personal whims? Yet a large part of what we call evils are mere incidents by the way; and we might take them all sweetly as occasions for patience, fortitude, and self-control.—Charles G. Ames.

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LONDON, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

THE DOUKHOBORTSI.

THE movement for the deliverance of this oppressed people by their removal from Russian territory has made some progress during the last few weeks. Mr. E. W. Brooks, who is also the devoted treasurer of the Friends' Armenian Relief Fund, tells in the current number of the *British Friend* the story of what has been accomplished, Mr. V. TCHERTKOFF having written in the previous number describing the condition of the sufferers in Russia and what was hoped for them.

It seems that the Doukhobortsi number altogether about 12,000, who from sincere religious conviction, following in all simplicity the teaching of JESUS, refuse to bear arms, and in consequence have been subjected for years to the most cruel persecution at the hands of Government officials. Latterly permission has been granted them from St. Petersburg to leave the country, but this they are now too poor to do without help, and since the permission was granted a large number of them have been driven to great straits by the increased severity of the local authorities, so that their rescue became a matter of the utmost urgency.

The sympathy of members of the Society of Friends was naturally drawn very strongly to these people, and it is their strenuous and generous efforts that have accomplished what has now been done. Canada seemed the land of promise to the sufferers, but the expense of such an emigration was, for the time at least, prohibitive. The Friends' Committee therefore determined that land should be secured in Cyprus, which, though by no means an ideal country for such a settlement, was yet close at hand and was under

British rule, so that freedom from religious persecution was secured; it might at any rate serve as a temporary resting-place for those whose pitiable case could brook no delay. For while they were considering the possibilities of Cyprus the Committee suddenly heard that 3,500 of the Doukhobortsi, "who were in the greatest peril, and within the last two years had lost 1,000 of their original number by death from cruel hardship and persecution," had resolved, without waiting for further advice or help, to flee for their lives, and were moving towards Batoum, in order to embark for Cyprus.

Already 1,100 of them had reached Batoum and were chartering a vessel, when the Committee were confronted with the unexpected demand from the High Commissioner at Cyprus that a guarantee of £20 a-head must be provided before the refugees could be permitted to land. This demand, after some negotiation with the Colonial Office, was reduced, and a guarantee of £15 a-head was accepted, the necessary £16,500 being, with the utmost readiness, promised by Friends. To meet a further very necessary demand that precautions should be taken to prevent the introduction of disease into the island, and to provide proper accommodation for the emigrants, Mr. WILSON STURGE, of Birmingham, has proceeded to Cyprus, and will have received the refugees on their arrival.

So far success has crowned the efforts of the Committee, but there yet remains much to be accomplished. Mr. Brooks concludes his narrative as follows:—

"Meantime, behind these 1,100 stand the 2,400 at Tiflis, who have sold the remnant of their belongings, and who telegraph that they have obtained their passports, and are ready to start. What is to become of them? Divine Providence only knows. The Committee's powers are exhausted, its means at an end, and they can only bid them 'Wait!' Behind these also are 8,000 more now in the neighbourhood of Kars, less impoverished by cruel persecution, but equally anxious to flee to a place of peace and safety. What is to become of them? Probably since the persecution and slaughter of the Huguenots, two centuries ago, there has been no instance of such cruel, such relentless persecution, as that directed against this harmless and industrious community. As France in that day drove out tens of thousands of the best of her sons and daughters, so does the Russian Government of to-day cast off and trample under foot thousands of its worthiest peasant subjects; whilst the former were victims of relentless and triumphant priestcraft, the latter are devoured by insatiable militarism. In conclusion the Committee earnestly solicit the continued sympathy and support of all members of the Society."

It is a strange contrast to turn from the Tsar's Message of Peace to the

thought of these oppressed subjects of his. Can it be that the knowledge of their faithful testimony has contributed towards strengthening the Imperial desire for some lessening of the pressure of military demands upon his people? However that may be, we are sure that the heartfelt sympathy of our readers must go out to these humble sufferers, and to the Friends who are so earnestly striving to sustain them in their need and to secure for them a brighter future. We have referred to the matter now in the hope that some of our readers, who have the power of large beneficence, may be led to feel that this is a work in which they also might have a share.

THE PULPIT.

THE INFLUENCES OF LIFE.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.

"Whereas you know not what shall be on the morrow. What is your life? For ye are a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—James iv. 14.

IF we took these words literally and in isolation we should suppose that James had no hope of a continued life beyond the grave. But we know he had faith in immortality. Yet, looking at the passage thoughtfully, it is full of truth and deep wisdom. Job said that life was a cloud, which is practically the same metaphor; and that it is consumed and vanisheth away. Job also said that life was wind, breath. And we, to-day, have inherited a development of that thought. Life is, we say, a breath of the Almighty, a breathing of his spirit, a part of His wondrous Self. From this line of thought has arisen the belief that man is a spirit; and the root meaning of that word is breath. It is the spiritual idea of human life which has developed in connection with religious belief through the ages. Anyhow, life is surrounded by mystery. It comes out of the unknown, and it goes back into the unexplored. Like the vapour cloud that arises in the morning and sails before the wind, to pass across the field of human vision and then to disappear; like the wind itself that arises with the dawn, bringing health or pestilence on its wings, and to be hushed back into stillness as the night shadows descend on sea and land. "Our little life is rounded with a sleep." It commences with a gradual awakening, and it ends in a going to rest. To distinguish it from the nightly sleep which men voluntarily seek for refreshment of body and mind, it is called the sleep of death; and what we call death is that final sleep of the *body*, out of which it is impossible to arouse it. Life is characterised by animation; death is marked, so painfully, by stillness and quiet. The Queen of Denmark, speaking of death to Hamlet, says:—

Thou know'st 'tis common—all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

And Hamlet's thoughts on the subject are familiar to you all:—

* Preached at Moss Side, Aug. 28, as a Funeral Sermon.

By a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

The Psalmist says:—"Thou carriest men away as with a flood; they are as a sleep." Then in another place, looking out upon the world, and seeing that trial and labour and sorrow come to all, and that an eternity of such life would be a weariness to mortal man, he says:—"It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so He giveth His beloved sleep." Yes, and as God loves all His children He brings deep sleep upon them all, sooner or later; and we, for want of a clearer name, call it death. I must say that, although I have asked many men of all sorts and conditions whether they would like to live for ever under these mortal and human conditions which characterise the earthly life, I have never yet met with any single person who seriously said "Yes."

It is in the natural order of things that this tenement of clay—this "too solid flesh," as Hamlet calls it—must become infirm, and imperfectly discharge its functional purposes—the eyes become dim, the ears grow deaf, the brain becomes less active, all the thousands of ducts traversing the system lose their elasticity, and an inevitable weariness sets in, until many an aged man and woman positively long for God to send them the comforting and unbroken sleep. As a mother nurses her child in her arms, in order that it may sleep away its sorrows and its cares, so the all-Father and all-Mother God closes the eyelids of His children, and hushes them into the sleep of death.

I am not here and now going to enter into the question as to how and why people die before reaching old age, or why some few pass away in struggle and pain (though any doctor will tell you that, generally speaking, death does not come accompanied by paroxysm and fear and struggle; but quite reversely), for we know that humanity itself is responsible for much that is unnatural and unnecessary in its economy, and which tends to disease and pain and early death. But it is not controversy I wish to engage in this morning. There is another passage in one of the Psalms, which turns my thoughts in a different and more desirable direction. It is this:—"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God; lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death." Here evidently is another view of death, larger and more embracing. It is that a man may be well called dead, not merely when his lungs have ceased to breathe and his heart to beat; but when there is no light in his mind, no love in his soul; when he lies slumbering in sloth and ignorance and all other manner of spiritual darkness. For, after all, the man is not the body; he is the spirit that lodges therein. The man of frailest body may be the greatest in honourable and useful life. Men influence one another for highest good, not so much through their bodies as through their spirits. We never saw Jesus or Socrates; as far as their bodies are concerned, they never had an atom of influence upon us; and yet, spiritually, they, and such as they, are ruling and moulding the world to-day. Hence, Paul said of Abel, who thousands of years previously had lived and worked as he thought it would be well-pleasing to God, "he being dead, yet speaketh." It

is not enough to live 30, or 40, or 60, or 100 years; we want to live for ever, not in the body, growing old and grey and feeble continually; but in true, uplifting, spiritual influence we want to live on and on. Scientists tell us that if you set up an electrical current here its waves travel round the world; wherever, in fact, there is ether there is vibration. It is not seen, it cannot be measured; but it is none the less an actual and abounding important fact. Now, a woman, a mother, can so live, honourably, uprightly, setting an example of unselfish love for others, of quiet, unobtrusive, Christian helpfulness, and of cheerful, loving concern for all virtuous life, that when God sends her the final sleep, and the grave hides her body from us for evermore, her influence shall continue to bless humanity right down through the ages; not merely her children as long as they remember her, and her children's children as long as they remember all the loving traditions handed down by word of mouth; but it shall and must live in humanity as such, for "we are parts of one stupendous whole," and according to the wise and unfailing laws of God, we act and re-act one upon another. "Ye are a vapour that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away." But mark! Every vapour that descends upon the earth alters it for good and all. The dew that fell last night, and which we kicked as a diamond shower from the grass this morning, and which the sun will draw up again into space, will first accomplish God's work by refreshing the soil, and by enabling certain chemical changes to take place which will make the earth different for ever and ever to what it was before last night's dew appeared. Life is a vapour! You are God-sent. You will influence the world for ever. You cannot help doing so. But you have come with a distinct mission. You are sent by God; sent, that is, to bless the world and not to curse it. Your life is to be an influence for good. You are to pass through this world refreshing and nourishing as the dew of a summer-night, and as the vapour that distils. Yea, and more than this. The dew and the vapour are not endowed with personality, and you are. If a wind springs up and drives the cloud away, you cannot blame the cloud, for how could it withstand the wind? If the atmospheric conditions of a summer-night prevent the distillation of the dew, how can the dew change the conditions? With man it is different. There never was a temptation in the world which anyone could reasonably say man could not overcome. Men succumb to temptations, of course; but we know well enough that if only we exercised all the God-given powers we possess, there isn't a temptation within human experience which we could not defy and place under our heel. A man may say there are temptations that overwhelm him, though he fight against them; and, humanly speaking, there may be inherent and hereditary weakness which tends to control rather than submit; but, lifting the matter to a higher plane, and regarding man as an off-spring of God, with a spark of divinity within him, as well as human elements, we cannot reasonably, and without loss of dignity, say that temptation is master and man is slave, inherently, and of necessity; but

that, on the contrary, God's Son, Man, is endowed with power to rise superior to all the alluring and degrading things of earth. Here there is an indication of his responsibility. Self-indulgence, enjoyment, is not the end and aim of human life. Usefulness is what we are to aim at; the sweetening, the purifying, and the uplifting of humanity. Passing the time so circumspectly and honourably, redeeming it from waste, and ever striving after ideals, that when the call of death comes, there will be no bitterness; but peace and rest and joyful anticipation of higher and infinite progress in God's nearer presence, and with added power and opportunity. At the end of life the humble soul with best intentions will regret it has accomplished so little; will think that some opportunities have been missed, and some possible achievements wilfully rejected; and yet, after all, there will be much solace and peace in the thought that its life has been lived conscientiously all along; that many a hand has been gripped in real brotherly or sisterly sympathy; that some bitter tears of sorrow and loss have been lovingly wiped away; and that some words of cheer have re-galvanised broken hearts, and displaced despair with hope, and started forlorn souls once more on the quest for the land of sunshine and the paradise of God. And the bereavement which has brought a keen, irreparable, personal loss to some of us during the past week, makes me think not merely generally upon what man can contribute towards the happiness and well-being of the world; but more particularly upon what woman can do towards its spiritual development. If the fibres of our social life did not vibrate and thrill with sympathy, we should hardly recover from some of the trials which prostrate us; but—

Love works at the centre
Heart-heaving away,

as Emerson puts it; and in the strength of brotherly and sisterly sympathy we keep our feet, and hold up our heads, and strive on in the work and stress of life. Kingsley sung—

Men must work, and women must weep;

meaning, of course, by this that the essence of a woman's life is emotional, while man's characteristic is associated with his brain and his muscle. To say this is no reflection upon the one or the other. Man subdues the outer world; woman rules over the inner kingdom. Love is a Queen; Conquest is a King. Man works, and fights, and explores; woman keeps the springs of life pure by her affectionate sovereignty in the home. Man has his sphere, large indeed, and abounding with opportunity; but in the knowledge of the life and character of her whom God called home to rest this past week, I would like to lay a little stress, in my concluding remarks, upon this sweetening and purifying of life, this flooding of the world with love, this binding of human hearts to one another and to the throne of God with golden cords. The mothers of earth teach humanity its first lessons of love. Men can love one another in the spirit of comradeship; they can lay down their lives for one another heroically; and yet there is no love so gentle, so persistent, so true through good and ill report, as that of a woman. Let the strongest man confess the source of those influences which have most deeply and lastingly moulded his

life; and he will say they are associated with the home, with the lessons taught at the mother's knee, with the many acts of loving self-sacrifice which made his mother's life so virtuously beautiful, and which make her memory to-day an inspiration and a blessing. There is nothing that touches the heart-strings more surely, and lets loose the flood of tears, than the recollection of a fond mother's love in the far-off days, when as children we so much needed some kind bosom in which to nestle, some sympathetic ear in which to pour account of our woes, some great loving heart whose affection was ever strong, and encouragement ever ready, and whose confidence was never abused. "Unhappy is that man," says Jean Paul, "whose mother has not made all women venerable for her sake."

Can anyone with these thoughts in his mind speak of the influences of life as being insignificant? As if life itself were literally a vapour that vanisheth away and is no more? As if it were a wind that passeth and leaveth no trace behind? You know not what shall be on the morrow, says our text. True; then let us spend to-day nobly and well. Let us see to it that all the influences we exert, directly and indirectly, be pure and holy and health-giving; that after our bodies are laid in the grave we spiritually may live on in the lives and aspirations of those who come after us; and may they say of us, as we thank God we can say of our loved friend to-day:—

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

AN EARNEST HERETIC.—II.

WE gave last week some account of Herr Gottfried Schwarz, the author of the "Sixty Propositions" printed below. There is much in the record of his experience, and in his challenge to the churches, to be pondered by those who desire that the Christian Gospel should be rendered more effectual in redeeming power over the hearts and lives of men. His rooted distrust of the sacerdotal theory of religion, and his warning as to the results of that theory, cannot be regarded as needless or inopportune in this country at the present time. His view of the Protestant Church, as linked with the Catholic, in making for the supremacy of Papacy, it should be remembered, is derived from experience of the Lutheran Church in Germany, and points to an undeniable tendency in certain forms of Evangelical Protestantism. The dates in Propositions 4 and 6 we should say mark the completion of a process of doctrinal development, which began much earlier in the Church, the date 1100 in Proposition 6 aiming, we suppose, at Anselm, whose "*Cur Deus Homo*" embodied one very definite form of the doctrine of the Atonement, which after his time prevailed in the Church. We confess also to some difficulty as to the last clause of Proposition 1. The proposition opens with an unmistakable challenge: the orthodox creeds are not the Gospel of Christ; but we cannot suppose Herr Schwarz to mean that all teachers of those doctrines are hypocrites. The meaning perhaps is that the retention

of the old creeds in the churches puts a stumbling-block in the way of thoughtful men, and where the actual religious teaching in the church no longer answers to the creed, which has still to be professed, there is the danger of insincerity and hypocrisy.

We are glad to print these Propositions, not because we are able to subscribe to every statement they contain, but because we believe they contain a large measure of truth, and that they will be of service in stimulating thought, and leading to clearer conception of the truth. They embody the convictions of an earnest man, who has made sacrifices for conscience' sake, and who is to be held in honour for his transparent sincerity and unselfish devotion to the cause of humanity and truth.

A friend has suggested the following motto as appropriate:—

Alta ruit Babylon: destruxit tecta Lutherus,
Muros Calvinus, sed fundamenta Socinus.

SIXTY PROPOSITIONS AGAINST THE FALSE TEACHING OF THE CHURCHES.

BY GOTTFRIED SCHWARZ.

FIRST PART: SHORT STATEMENT.

The Gospel and the False Teachings.

1. The Churches, not the Catholic only, but the Protestant likewise, preach not the Gospel of Jesus Christ; they obstinately hold fast ancient false doctrines, and thereby cherish hypocrisy.

2. The Gospel of Jesus Christ does not consist in the doctrine that Jesus has atoned for our sins by his death, and that his righteousness is imputed to us; but it consists in the promise of man's development to Divine greatness.

3. The doctrines of the Trinity and of the merits of Christ, which are held in the Protestant as well as in the Catholic Church; likewise the Catholic, and in part also Protestant, doctrine of the Church, stand in contradiction to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and are destructive heresies.

4. The doctrine of the Trinity—that is, the doctrine that there are three persons in the Godhead—does not originate with Jesus, nor even with his Apostles, but came up gradually 300–500 years after Christ.

5. This doctrine contradicts all words of Jesus and the Apostles, and compels men to put their reason to death.

6. The doctrine of the merits of Jesus—that is, the doctrine that Christ's blood is God's blood, and that Christ had to make atonement for our sins, by shedding this Divine blood—has its origin not with Jesus, nor even with his Apostles, but came up in the Romish Church, not till 1,100 years after Christ.

7. This doctrine contradicts all words of Jesus and the Apostles, and compels men to put their reason to death.

8. The doctrine of the Church—that is, the doctrine that Christ's community is an external organism; that its servants by virtue of their office can forgive or retain sins; that there are Sacraments, in which the grace of God is communicated by external means—water, bread, and wine; and that the Church is to administer these means of grace—this doctrine does not originate from Christ or from his Apostles, but came up gradually between the second and the fifth centuries after Christ.

9. This doctrine contradicts all the

words of Jesus and the Apostles, and compels men to put their reason to death; to obey the priests implicitly, and to disregard their own conscience. It thereby divides them from God, and binds them to the Priests.

SECOND PART: DETAILED STATEMENT.

I. The Gospel. 1. Man's destiny.

10. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the discovery of the lofty destiny which God has given to man.

11. Jesus has announced this destiny in the words: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, that ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven; so shall ye be perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

12. This high destiny of ours is likewise declared in the first clause of the so-called Apostles' Creed, in the words: I believe in God the Father; which signify I am to become a son of God.

13. Our destiny is further declared in the second clause of the Creed in the words: "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only begotten son, our Lord," which signify: Jesus is my ideal.

14. Our destiny is further declared in the third clause of the Creed, in the words: "I believe in the Holy Spirit"; which signify: I can receive the Spirit of God, and I seek salvation therein alone.

15. The Gospel which Jesus Christ brought into the world by his doctrine and by his life, is: Every human being is to become a child of God; is to attain to Divine Spirit, Divine nature, Divine perfectness and grandeur; and this he can attain by faith in the high destiny of mankind, and by love to men, especially by love to enemies.

16. The content of the Creed agrees indeed with the Gospel, but to use a form of words as the badge of Christians is to set up priestly lordship in place of the kingdom of the Spirit.

17. The doctrine of the Trinity is not contained in the Creed, but this doctrine is in contradiction to the Creed.

18. That the ideal of Humanity appeared to the world in Jesus Christ, therein consists the Grace of God and the forgiveness of sins.

2. Faith.

19. Christian faith does not consist in the acceptance of dogmas, nor in the appropriation of Christ's merits; but it is confidence in God's promise that we are to become His children: the Christian Faith consists in Christ being our Ideal.

20. This ideal fills us with God's Spirit—that is, with the striving after perfection; it sanctifies us and gives us eternal life.

21. By being our ideal, Jesus Christ is our Saviour.

22. Jesus Christ is then in truth our Master, when he is our ideal.

3. The Death of Jesus.

23. Most of all, Jesus has become our ideal through his death as sacrifice for mankind.

24. All gold and silver, all discoveries and inventions, all results of Science and Art, and all deeds of great men, taken together, are not of so much worth to the world as the single act of Jesus's death as sacrifice.

25. The death of Jesus was the death of a witness to the truth of the Gospel, and naught else.

26. All efficacy of the death of Jesus rests singly and solely in this: that it was a deed of perfect faith and obedience: holy means to a holy end—that is, for the sake of the kingdom of the Spirit.

27. The lofty purpose of the holy Supper is no other than this: by a feast commemorating Jesus's death; to move Christians to become martyrs for truth, as Jesus was.

II. The False Doctrines. 1. The Trinity.

28. The world-redeeming Gospel of Jesus Christ is set aside and annulled by the doctrine of the Trinity.

29. The doctrine of the first person in the Godhead annuls the Gospel. For in this doctrine God is by no means called our—man's—Father; nor is it said of God at all that He is a Father; but the name Father is merely added to the first person in the Godhead, and this only in relation to the second person, the Son. Therefore, by this doctrine is by no means asserted that we men are to become God's children, but rather the contrary, that God has but one son, and that he is God too. By this doctrine man is robbed of the Gospel that he can and is to become a Son of God.

30. The doctrine of the second person in the Godhead annuls the Gospel likewise. For if Jesus Christ is the second person in the Godhead, it is certain that we cannot overcome as he did; that we cannot be transfigured as he was; nor rise again and enter into Divine glory.

31. The doctrine of the third person in the Godhead likewise annuls the Gospel. For if we believe the Holy Spirit is a person in the Godhead we have lost the knowledge that the Holy Spirit consists of the eternal thoughts of God; and then we cannot exert ourselves to understand these thoughts and thus to receive the Spirit of God. The pouring-out of the Spirit upon all men, promised in the Gospel, is made impossible by this doctrine.

32. As the doctrine of the Trinity abolishes the Gospel, it cuts off mankind from the source of life, and is a soul-destroying heresy.

33. God is Unity, not Trinity.

2. The Merits of Christ.

34. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is annulled by the doctrine of Christ's merits.

35. The doctrine of the merits of Christ leans upon the doctrine of the Trinity, and is therefore in contradiction with the Gospel.

36. In Jesus crucified we see a human being who has been perfected through faith and self-sacrifice and has entered into the glory of God, into the Spirit. The death of Jesus therefore preaches the Gospel that we men can attain to Divine perfection.

37. According to the doctrine of the merits of Christ, Jesus was not made perfect by his death of sacrifice; but he had to die in order to atone for our sins. The true gospel of our being destined to Divine perfectness is set aside by this doctrine, and in its place is put the substitute of Christ's imputed righteousness.

3. The Church.

38. Christ's gospel is annulled likewise by the doctrine of the Church—namely, that Christ's community is an external organism, and by the doctrine of the Sacraments.

39. The gospel does not promise a kingdom of *Men*, but the kingdom of *God*; it promises to every human being the Holy Spirit which makes him a free doer of good; therewith it gives the prospect of liberation from all force and from all human authority.

40. The doctrine that Christ's community is an outward organism sets up the government of the hierarchy in place of the sovereignty of the Spirit; it introduces human sovereignty, not God's sovereignty; and abolishes the Gospel that we are to become free children of God.

41. Consolidation of the Christian community by outward organisation subordination of individual communities to the official power of a clergy, and subordination of the clergy to the official power of bishops, lead necessarily to abolition of the Gospel.

42. A visible organisation or regulation of human life is indispensable. The visible organism thence resulting is the State.

43. The doctrine that the Christian community is a visible organism, makes it into a temporal kingdom; it places beside the State a second State—the Church—and thereby make division in the life of individuals and of States.

44. When the Christian Society is called the Body of Christ, thereby is meant not a visible organism, but a spiritual one.

45. The Body of Christ is formed neither by participation in the meetings of Christians, nor by subordination to the guidance of a clerical class, nor by sacraments, but solely by the spirit of Christ.

46. The doctrine that Christ's community or body is a spiritual organism or body and not a visible one does not lead to division, but to true unity, to the unity of the Spirit.

47. The head of that body is Christ, and this it is which creates true unity. For Christ can be the head only by being the ideal of every individual. Those whose ideal is Christ pursue all the same aim, and are thus by their will united. This is the unity of the spirit or true unity.

48. The membership of this body consists herein: that individual human beings, according to their spiritual gifts, unite others with themselves through the Spirit, and thus spiritually lead them.

49. To waken Spirit in others is in the power only of those who are themselves spiritual: it cannot take place by order of a superior. Outward organisation is therefore incapable of awakening Spirit, and building-up the body of Christ.

50. One who has the Spirit of God must let himself be guided thereby, cannot possibly permit his activity to depend on the orders of a superior. Organisation from without of spiritual activity is a monstrosity.

51. External organisation of Christ's community leads inevitably to the demand for unconditional obedience, and thereby slays the Spirit, thus destroying the body of Christ.

52. In the Christian community, heads or officers may be appointed for regular spiritual duty ("cure of souls"); but they have no other power than that which every member can have, the power of the Spirit—namely, teaching and example. They are neither the sole, nor the most important organs of the Body of Christ; but they stand as visibly appointed organs beside the other organs, which act freely

in the Christian community without external calling.

53. In the community of Christ there is no clerical order.

54. The doctrine of the Sacraments, as it has been maintained up to the present time by the majority of Protestant clergy—namely, that water, bread, and wine are bearers of Divine grace, and that it is the Church that must administer these means of grace—seduces men to seek salvation in outward acts and in submission to the Church rather than in the possession of the Spirit of God, and thus thrusts aside the Gospel.

THIRD PART: CONSEQUENCES.

Kingdom of Christ or Papacy: Which?

55. Since the sovereignty of Christ consists therein, that he is our ideal, or that we possess his spirit; and since the doctrines of the Trinity, of the merits of Christ, of the Church and her sacraments, make it impossible to look upon him as our ideal, they destroy the sovereignty of Christ.

56. As Jesus Christ is transformed by these doctrines from an ideal for mankind into a Person of the Godhead they put in place of the following of Christ the mere veneration of him; producing thereby an external worship and appearance of sanctity, and thus prepare the ground for priestly domination.

57. As these doctrines rob mankind of the ideal given in Jesus Christ, and force man to put his reason to death, so they lead to subjection under the priesthood and to the sovereignty of the Pope.

58. By the Church doctrine the Gospel has been taken from us. Hence it is that we have not the faintest idea of the power of Spirit, and are able to conceive of the kingdom of God only as a Government. It is because they are without the Gospel that men feel the need of a Papacy.

59. The Protestant Church, through retaining until now these ecclesiastical doctrines, stands in conflict with the kingdom of Christ and in the service of the Papacy.

60. The decisive time which will bring the victory of Christ's Spirit over the power of the Papacy is now dawning.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

It seems strange to us to-day that there should have been in the past so bitter a conflict between the students of science and the friends of religion. A conflict between Science and Religion themselves there cannot be, but only between their respective adherents, and on mistaken grounds. It has mostly been a battle about the Bible, and has been due to the notion that certain statements of the Sacred Book were accurate science, and were science enough. Any further investigation was forbidden; any contrary teaching must be suppressed. Books containing such heresies must be burnt; and if necessary the authors along with them. It is gratifying to observe that the warfare against science is nearly over, and the professors of science are now had in honour. Even the Church of Rome does not call them before the Inquisition now. Science is in favour because it is found to be useful. It lays our cables, lights our streets, shows us how to make steel rails and aniline dyes. In many ways it is a boon and a blessing. The X-rays show

the surgeon where to find the coin that has been swallowed; chloroform obviates any pain in the operation; the Lister process prevents the festering of the wound. The chemist and the electrician are like wizards in dealing with natural forces. The elements are tame to us when we know the touch to which they must respond. The doors of Nature's secret cabinets fly open when we know the "Open sesame" which they obey. Our eyes are gladdened by the sight of marvels; and our lap is filled with treasure. Science is in favour now. It makes a display at every Industrial Exhibition; it sends microscopes to every conversazione; it arranges bones and fossils instructively in every museum. The meetings of the British Association are welcome; and scientific lectures find a place in every local programme.

It is true, of course, that scientific progress is not all pure gain, but evil comes in the wake of good; simply because every good thing may be abused. The hand that has learned to write a letter may commit a forgery. The telegraph may be made to tell lies, in order that men on the Stock Exchange may make dishonest gains. It is a demoralising piece of enterprise also when the cinematograph is made to repeat the disgusting incidents of a prize fight. But on the whole the advantage is on the side of what is good.

Science having come into favour because it is useful, and can also be made to contribute to our amusement, the old notion that there was something uncanny about it is dissipated. It is no longer imagined that natural knowledge has an evil source. In the Middle Ages the whole field of Nature was the Devil's playground, and good people had to read their Bibles (in Latin) and let Nature alone. But the evil demons are now dead. Witches and vampires are discredited. We are not alarmed at comets; we are not appalled by eclipses. The man who makes dynamite is not served like Roger Bacon who invented gunpowder. The quiet man, the sorcerer of our day, comes out of his seclusion and shows us how to telegraph without wires, or how to destroy disease germs with carbolic acid. We have ceased to be afraid of him. And we have ceased to be afraid of the forces of Nature. We see at last that the natural world is the realm and the possession of God. We say with the Hebrew Psalmist: O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of Thy riches.

G. ST. CLAIR.

ON PILGRIMAGE.

"LIFE," says Novalis, "is not a dream, but it may become one." So any journey may become a pilgrimage by virtue of two indispensable aids—an object and leisure. For leisure is the very essence and savour of a pilgrimage. Some etymologists tell us that our word "saunter" is derived from the words "sainte terre," and describes the ordinary gait of a pilgrim to the Holy Land. What pleasant days they must have spent, passing gradually from horizon to horizon, from language to language, from familiar flower and leaf and fruit to new growths. They had a new earth beneath them and a new sun in

heaven, yet without painfully rapid changes. As to an object, we have been always, perhaps, too apt to turn our thoughts and steps to graves. A grave suggests death, and death cannot be the most significant fact concerning our heroes—not to us, at least. To us it is of importance that they lived, and lived in some characteristic manner which bore fruit in act or word. What better can we do than seek the land in which they lived, the air they breathed, such common everyday conditions as they knew. Even what are called relics, the very bones and hair of our saints are often paltry comforts. They have left us their hearts and minds if we will study them, and in any pilgrimage if your saint or hero have left aught in print take it with you. So you may guess dimly in what way the "external world" was "fitted to the mind." It is all guess-work.

Many years ago a friend and I made a devout pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon. It was from London, and every step religiously on foot. Leisure we had in plenty; at any point where we chose we halted for a day or for a week. I remember the little provision of books that we made and carried in our satchel, or, shall I say, our "scrip," for the journey. There was a Globe Shakespeare, of course, and a volume of Milton, for our way took us by Chalfont St. Giles', and we intended a deviation from our road that would bring us past that Forest Hill where Milton's first wife lived in her youth. Then we had an Odyssey and a Homeric dictionary. This is hard to defend, as we had no hope of prolonging our pilgrimage to Ithaca. However, "A little Greek does no harm to anything," as, I think, somebody says in Molière, and little enough it was. Our first day had a charm of its own. By our own individual efforts we were free of the town; through one "long, unlovely street" after another we plodded. Of the life of those streets we made no part; we passed like ghosts. There was a whimsical pleasure in our complete detachment from the interests around us. How unspeakably shabby and frowzy are the suburbs beyond Shepherd's Bush! When we were, at last, clear of houses we stopped to rest; we rested in a square green field; the trees in the hedge-rows had their lower branches lopped off, and had thick tufts for heads; the swallows darted here and there screaming that shrill scream that was never heard, except from swallows, save once—that was when Odysseus strung the great bow, and the string was so tense it could only be likened in its song to the cry of swallows. But, even on a pilgrimage, men seek food and rest for the night, and these we found at Uxbridge. The next day we took an easy five mile stage to Gerrard's Cross. Here we were as deeply in the country as if London lay hundreds of miles behind us. Through such lanes Shakespeare may have passed when he made his way up to London to seek fortune. It would be hard if some points at least of our pilgrimage did not coincide with his actual track. But it seems that some familiar lines of Milton fit the beginning of a "sunshine holiday" better than those hints of a journey in the Sonnets, a mysterious and melancholy journey when everything says to him, "Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend," and he laments, "My grief lies onward and my joy behind." We were more like the man—

... Who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives
delight.

J. WILSON.

THE SEA.

THE sea is all things to all men, all things to all the moods of men. Is not that the secret of its unceasing fascination for all men? There is not a mood from the throbbing grief of a breaking heart to the frolicsome hilarity of the lightest-hearted child, from the frenzy of passion, to the awe of the horror-stricken mind in face of the sea's "cruelty," that the sea does not respond to. What wound of deepest grief bleeds not afresh as those aching words of Tennyson's pass through the mind:—

Break, break, break,

On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

Who does not recall the mad glee of childhood, now tempting, now fleeing from the great roaring companion, with his white mane tossed in the air, as he rushed to catch us, and now giving chase to the baffled lion as he withdrew and couched to spring again? How potent are those grand, sonorous, oceanic lines of Wordsworth's to bring back to mind those wild gambols with the big, rollicking playfellow, as if it were an experience of yesterday, yet since yesterday so strangely, deeply transfigured and glorified.

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

There are times when, caught in such a mood as Frédéric Amiel's, it seems almost more appropriate to speak affectionately of Mother Sea than of Mother Earth. Walking by the sea after a night of rain, he writes:—"There are large clouds all round; the sea, veined with green and drab, has put on the serious air of labour. She is about her business, in no threatening, but at the same time in no lingering, mood. She is making her clouds, heaping up her sands, visiting her shores and bathing them with foam, gathering up her floods for the tide, carrying the ships to their destinations, and feeding the universal life." But in her threatening moods, in her destructive moods, there is none like unto her; we hold our breath like "the trembling maiden,"—

At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,

With all its terror and mystery,

The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,

That divides and yet unites mankind!

All the awe and awfulness of the sea's power and majesty and cruelty crowd into the heart at such words of the master, as these:—

The children billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.

Or at the dream of Clarence with its terrific story of "the rough seas, that spare not any man":—

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those
holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered
by.

And what weary mood was that or what
dread, that made the Apocalyptic Seer on
Patmos proclaim as a "note" of Heaven
that there was "no more sea"? Was it
the exile's deep horror of separation, with
its sense of yearning home-sickness, or
the lighter but still unendurable horror of
helpless, abject *mal de mer*, especially as it
must have been experienced in the good
old Pagan times and in galleys that might
even have tried the nerves of a Columbus?
The poet who fitted aptest words to
things, and was a bit of a soldier too,
though more modest than courageous,
was speaking from very bitter experience
surely in the lines:—

Illic robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus.

In Horace's creed ship-building was the
unique impiety of mankind. Sea-sickness
must have been very bad in those days.

What is it that rivets the gaze of so
many upon the sea? Not perhaps indeed
any single emotion, but one more power-
fully at one time, and another at another.
A weary, heavy-laden "factory hand,"
pinched for all things, was once heard to
exclaim as she beheld the infinite expanse
of sea, "O what a blessed sight to see so
much of something!" It has its own
quaint sublimity, this heart-throbbing
gratitude of a weary wanderer, exclaiming
like Xenophon's weeping, footsore, heart-
sore Greeks as the vast waters came in
sight, "The sea! O the sea!" And it
may be, something of Wordsworth's
feeling entered into the poor soul too,
sanctifying her—

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,
With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all enraptured with its purity?
Because the unstained, the pure, the crystal-
line,
Have ever in them something of benign.

At times no doubt "the wide expanse"
holds us with a spell quite unique and
ineffable like that which held

stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

We may lash ourselves to a mast like
Turner, to study the sea's turbulence and
complexion at close quarters, its "ada-
mantine voluminousness" and power to
crush solid bones and ribs and hearts of
oak, but in general there needs no such
masterly device of attachment to "the
high and giddy mast to see how the winds
take the ruffian billows by the top, curling
their monstrous heads and hanging them
with deafening clamour in the slippery
clouds," nor yet to see the myriad changing
colours of this Lord of the Chameleons.
But who shall paint in words what none
can paint in pigments? Nor does it much
help to borrow all the gems of the Orient
for our pigments, for there is something
more than colour in the sea's peculiar
charm, and, missing that, we miss all. It
hardly boots to say, though true enough,
that we have seen it gleam like a sheet

of gold and again have seen it "all silver
white," and at times the sea-gull's snowiest
of wings have been outmatched by its
transfiguration robes, so white as no fuller
on earth can white them; we have seen it
in demurer moods reflecting a leaden sky,
and moving forward solemnly like the
Magdalen in penitential grey, and then
again at evening or at morning, for a
moment all opaline and then flowing like
a liquid emerald round sapphire head-
lands into bays and gulfs whose blues
have deepened into amethyst, and then,
again, the striking reverse of this, a
sapphire sea flowing about coasts of
yellow gold, and red, and flashing against
hills of gleaming emerald.

The sea has other secrets. The man at
the wheel learns a secret other than that
of any other man, perchance, the secret
the helmsman spoke of to Count
Arnaldos—

"Wouldst thou," so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

It is the great leveller. "What cares
these roarers for the name of king?"
cried the angry boatswain of the *Tempest*;
as little, forsooth, as the boatswain cared
for grammar or any such solecism at sea.
It is the great sobering force, what though
it make men reel to and fro and stagger
like a drunken man. It may breed a little
wholesome superstition, but it knocks the
false sentiment out of a man, which is
prettily testified to in this "Sea Dialogue"
of Oliver Wendell Holmes, a little
apocopated for the sake of space:—

Cabin Passenger (to Man at Wheel):
Friend, you seem thoughtful. I not wonder
much
That he who sails the ocean should be sad.
I am myself reflective—when I think
Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has
sucked
Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy
waves,
What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds,
pearls;
What piles of shekels, talents, ducats, crowns,
What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian shawls,
Of laces that have blanked the weavers' eyes,
Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and man,
The half-starved workman, and the well-fed
worm;
What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parchments,
books;
What many-lobuled, thought-engendering
brains;

Lie with the gaping seashells in his maw—
I, too, am silent; for all language seems
A mockery, and the speech of man is vain.
O mariner, we look upon the waves,
And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!"
they say,
"Mortal, be still!" My noisy tongue is
hushed,
And with my trembling finger on my lips
My soul exclaims in ecstasy—

Man at the Wheel:
Belay y'r jaw, y' swab! y' hoss-marine!
(To the Captain):

Ay, ay, sir! Stiddy, sir! Sou' wes' b' sou'!
That is the secret, not so politely, but
more clearly and seamanly expressed than
the other helmsman expressed it to Count
Arnaldos.

Columbus in his vision was bidden
"unchain the ocean," and realising his
dream, the unchained ocean bore him
with streaming mane of gold to a New
World. Such a vision comes at times to
each and all gazing on the ocean. If we
would but unchain the ocean it would
bear us with "purpled wings In gulfs

enchanted, where the Siren sings, And
coral reefs lie bare, Where the cold sea-
maids rise to sun their streaming hair"—
to New Worlds, and to that New World
the chief of all "the enchanted land, In
marvels rich to God's own sons displayed."

E. L. H. THOMAS.

PANTHEISM AND THEISM.

No human eyes Thy face may see;
No human thought Thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow!
And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind,—

Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life Divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge
flee,

Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee!

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

MAJOR-GENERAL JACOB, Brooklands,
Tavistock, acknowledges, with thanks, the
following further donations received in
answer to his appeal on behalf of the
widow and children of the late Mr.
Frederick Webb, a member of the Abbey-
road Chapel, Tavistock, who was killed on
the London and South-Western Railway
line:—

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. F. R. Wilton	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Chichester (further donation)	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Deacon	1	0	0
A. M. R.	1	0	0
"Sympathising Friend"	0	10	6
Mr. Cuthbert Grundy	0	10	6
Mr. F. H. Morton	0	5	0
Mr. T. Truscott	0	5	0
Mr. J. Parnell	0	5	0
Morris Bros.	0	5	0
Mr. A. Pearce (further collection)	0	5	0
Mrs. Down	0	0	6

This, together with the £100 17s.
already acknowledged in these columns,
makes a total of £108 5s. 6d., which has
been paid over to Mrs. Webb, and the
account is now closed.

We have also received a letter from
Mrs. Webb gratefully acknowledging the
practical sympathy which has thus been
shown to her and her children in their
bereavement.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should
be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday
Morning.]

Cheltenham.—During the past eight weeks ser-
vices have been held in the schoolroom attached to
the church—the latter building having been closed
for alterations, &c., to be carried out. On Sunday,
Sept. 4, the church was re-opened for worship, and
services were conducted by the pastor, the
Rev. J. Fisher Jones. A number of improvements
which have been made in the internal arrangements
of the building have met with the unanimous

approval of the congregation and friends. Both church and schoolroom have been cleaned and re-decorated.

Elland.—The Guild of Goodfellowship held its first anniversary on Saturday last, Sept. 3, in the schoolroom, when a tea was provided, to which a fair number sat down. A pleasant evening was spent, the most interesting event being a presentation, made by Mr. J. Wilson, one of our oldest members (on behalf of the choir and congregation), of a dinner service to Mr. and Mrs. Fred See, whose marriage took place at our church a fortnight ago, and who are members of the choir and old scholars in the Sunday-school. Mr. W. K. Briggs, secretary, read a report of the work done by the Guild during its first year of operations, and short speeches were made by Rev. J. Taylor, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Dyson, of Halifax. Music was rendered at intervals during the evening.

Ilminster.—The annual harvest thanksgiving services were held at the Old Meeting, on Sunday, Sept. 4. The chapel was tastefully decorated, and a very pleasant and harmonious effect was produced. There was a special musical service in the afternoon when Mr. Callow's Harvest Festival service was used, with the addition of an anthem, "Out of the South," and a carol, "Wheat and Barley." The Rev. J. Collins Odgers, B.A. of Bury, officiated at each service, and delivered excellent sermons. The collections were in aid of the Taunton and Somerset Hospital.

Leigh.—The first Harvest Festival services were held in our church on Sunday last, conducted by the Rev. A. H. Dolphin. The church had been very tastefully decorated by the ladies of the congregation. The choir was augmented, and rendered good service during the day. Solos were given by Miss Garswood, of Leigh, and Mr. W. Robertson, of Pendleton. There was a fair attendance at the morning service, and in the evening the church was nearly full. The flowers were sent to the inmates of the Union Workhouse, and on Monday evening the fruit and vegetables were sold and the proceeds given to the Organ Fund.

Lewes.—The Rev. T. A. Gorton resumed his ministry on Sunday last, having returned from a voyage to the Cape much improved in health.

Manchester Domestic Mission.—The Willert-street Sunday-school anniversary meetings were held on Sunday, Sept. 4. The Rev. Charles Roper, B.A., was preacher for the occasion. The Rev. J. W. Bishop assisted in the afternoon, when some of the "Forms of Service for Children" were used, which are published in the "Hymnal" of the Manchester District Sunday School Association, and which have recently been introduced with the chanting of responses at the ordinary Sunday services of the scholars. There was a crowded gathering for this service, including many of the parents. At the close Mr. Alderman Rawson, with kind and appropriate words to each scholar, distributed the prize-books to those who have been making regular attendance. In the evening a good congregation, betokening the thriving condition of the mission and a promise of increasing success and usefulness, listened attentively to Mr. Roper's sermon, which was a solemn and admirable address, directed especially to young men and women.

Padliham.—The induction of the Rev. J. H. Wicksteed, B.A., as minister of Nazareth Chapel, took place on Tuesday, Aug. 30. Service was held in the afternoon, the first part being conducted by the Rev. T. Leyland, of Colne, after which the Rev. J. E. Carpenter, of Manchester College, Oxford, gave the charge to the minister, and dwelt upon the duty laid upon a minister to cultivate character among the children of God. In the course of the address he said:—"If you would sow the Word, you know perhaps better than I that it must first be planted in your own soul. You have felt the stir and the quickening as the blade comes up above the ground. You know the pledge of righteousness. Knowledge is its deepest root when it is grounded in the light of God. You know that our task is to make the goodness and the beauty of the life of God come home to human souls, that in Him as Father we may own our sonship, that we may have His strength with us for redemption from sin, for raising us above our failures, for the quickening of our endeavours, and for the entry into His presence. It is to preach the living God in fellowship with human souls, incarnating Himself anew day by day through the whole kinship of our race, and so planting within us a promise of likeness to Himself. This is the goal of our faith, this is the power of our ministry, and who does not believe that if he could embody this faith, if he could move the barriers between ourselves and God, and break down the limitations that hamper us, it would be the one thing needed to redress the wrongs, heal the sorrows, and redeem

the sins of our time? Surely, if there be such a one he does not yet know what faith is. In proportion as we yield ourselves to God and overcome self and become the medium and channel through which His grace shall flow forth, we may be fellow-workers with God. Wherever you can quicken the endeavour of high purity in some dull and stumbling breast, and stir the ardours of insufficient life, there you are a fellow-worker with God. There God deigns to use you as the channel of His grace to human souls. Show to men that they bear about with them something of the Eternal, make each day for them a holy day of right action and continuous worship, convince but one heart of that and you have changed the world for him and won a soul to God. To a minister, to have satisfied one deep human need, to have lifted one soul out of the darkness into the light, to have consecrated one heart breaking with grief, or brought to continuous endeavour one faltering, struggling will, this is to make it well worth while to have lived. To such a ministry I humbly commend you. Go forth in the spirit of Jesus Christ. May some of his power live in your heart, some of his hope enkindle you, some of his faith support you; then you will be able to face disappointments, to brave danger, to endure weariness, for you will have in your heart the sense of the Eternal, you will know that God marks our hours and days as well as the stately march of the stars, gives you your powers, sets you your work, promises you His strength, and in that service He will be with you and will give you His peace." The Rev. H. S. Solly, of Bridport, then gave the charge to the congregation, referring at the outset to his own induction as minister of that congregation twenty-four years ago, and dwelling with earnest words on what the members of the congregation must do to strengthen the church. The Rev. Charles Hargrove having offered a welcome on behalf of brother ministers, the Rev. J. H. Wicksteed accepted the charge, and spoke of the encouragement he had already found in the work, and his sense of responsibility and the sacredness of his calling. In the evening, after tea, a very successful and hearty public meeting was held under the presidency of Councillor H. C. Jackson, Chairman of the congregation, who offered a cordial welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Wicksteed. Mr. David Harrison offered a welcome on behalf of the Sunday-school, and subsequent speakers were the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, A. W. Fox, T. Leyland, J. E. Carpenter, H. S. Solly, A. C. Smith, Joseph Pollard, Joseph Anderton, and Mr. Nicholas Ingham. The meeting lasted three hours.

Portsmouth.—An old member of the High-street Unitarian congregation, Mr. Wm. George Kerry, late Master Mariner of Portsmouth, passed away on Thursday night, Sept. 1, after a severe illness, in his 75th year. The interment took place on the 5th inst., at the Kingston Cemetery, when the Rev. Wm. Birks, F.R.A.S., a former minister of the High-street Chapel, officiated, by Mr. Kerry's expressed wish, and a goodly number of friends attended. A native and life-long resident of Portsmouth, the deceased was one of the few left now who could from personal knowledge tell about good old John Pounds, still reverently remembered. Captain Kerry might well be proud, as he was, of an acquaintance with one of the noblest of modern benefactors.

Rhondda Valley.—Services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. David Rees as pastor of the churches at Pentre and Clydach Vale, were held on Sunday and Monday last. At Clydach the Rev. John Davis, Allt-y-placa, officiated at two and at six; Mr. Thomas Edwards taking the devotional part in the evening. On Monday, at Pentre, the Rev. John Davis introduced and delivered the charge to the minister, and the Rev. John Hathren Davis to the congregation. In the evening the Rev. J. E. Jenkins, of Dowlais, introduced, and the Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Gellionen, preached in Welsh, and the Rev. Jenkin Thomas in English. The attendances throughout were large and attentive, and the services seem to have given great satisfaction. Many ministers and friends were unable to be present on Monday owing to the funeral of Mr. Noah Williams, brother of Mr. Lewis Noah Williams, of the Cambrian Lamp Works. Now that the strike is over, if all the friends of the cause will but rally and back up Mr. Rees in his efforts, then his success is assured. The churches are still hampered by a debt, and it would be a great encouragement if outside friends would lend a hand towards its liquidation.

Scarborough.—Anniversary services were conducted in the Westborough Church last Sunday by the Rev. S. F. Williams, a former minister of the congregation, whose subject in the morning was, "A Great God," and in the evening, "Religion for this World." Special musical selections were ren-

dered by the choir, and the services were in every way successful.

Staffordshire Potteries.—On Sunday last the Rev. R. Spears preached at Longton. The chapel was half filled, a most unusual thing. Mr. Spears has promised, with his friends in London, to give fifty guineas the first year towards the stipend of a minister. The Newcastle chapel, only four miles distant, is being completely renovated. Mr. Spears has a workman from London, who, with others, promises to complete the renovation this month, so that Principal Gordon may re-open this chapel, closed for some years.

Woolwich and Plumstead.—A Sunday-school has been recently established in connection with this church, and the teachers desire to form a library. Gifts of books suitable for a children's library, and especially story-books and volumes of magazines, would be very welcome, and may be sent to the superintendent, Mr. C. F. Smith, 99, Maryon-road, Charlton, S.E.

OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermondsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M., Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS, and 7 P.M., Rev. F. ALLEN.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. T. W. FRECKELTON.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. JEFFERY WORTHINGTON, B.A.
Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M., Mr. E. J. BULL, and 6.30 P.M., Mr. J. W. BROWN.
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. DRUMMOND, Litt.D.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M., Rev. R. SPEARS, and 7 P.M., Rev. CHAS. YATES.
Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., Ph.D.
Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. COOPER.
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. E. STRONGE.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, and 7 P.M.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. G. CARTER.
Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. E. CAPELTON; 3 P.M., Service for Children.
Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. LUCKING TAVENER.
Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.
Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.
Woolwich, Masonic Hall, Anglesey-road, Plumstead, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. L. JENKIN JONES.

PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. G. ST. CLAIR, F.G.S.
BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.
BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A.
BLACKPOOL, Bank-street, North Shore 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BINNS.
BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.
BOOTLE, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M., Rev. D. DAVIS, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. COX.
BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. HOOD.

BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. REMINGTON WILSON, M.A.
 DEAL and WALMER, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. MELSON GODFREY.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.
 EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mrs. A. BARROWS.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M., Rev. ROBERT COLLIER, D.D., and 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M., Rev. J. M. WHITEMAN, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. D. DAVIS.
 LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. Dr. KLEIN, Evening, "Dreams: What they are and what they are not."
 MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. JAMES FORREST, M.A.
 MANCHESTER, Strangeways, 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 MARGATE, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. CARPENTER, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.
 RAMSGATE, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BIRKS.
 READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSEY.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. H. WELBELOVED.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M., Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME, and 6.30 P.M., Rev. BROOKE HERFORD, D.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.
 YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. SHADFORTH.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

SOUTH-PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY,
 SOUTH-PLACE, FINSBURY.—Sept. 11th, at 11.15, Dr. STANTON COIT, "Evolution and Effort."

MARRIAGES.

PRIME—HORTON—On the 6th inst., at the Old Meeting Church, Birmingham, by the Rev. Priestley Prime, of Torquay, and the Rev. E. L. H. Thomas, B.A., of Scarborough, Howard, third son of the late Thomas Prime, Woodbourne, Edgbaston, to Minnie, eldest daughter of G. D. Horton, Highfield, Edgbaston.

DEATHS.

GASKELL—On Sept. 3rd, at his residence, Burgrave Lodge, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Josiah Gaskell, J.P., C.A., in the 57th year of his age.
 KERRY—On Thursday, Sept. 1, William George Kerry, late Master Mariner, of Portsmouth, aged 74.
 SHAWCROSS—On the 3rd September, aged 66, Sarah, wife of Francis Shawcross, Carfax, Worsley.

"THE INQUIRER" CALENDAR.

SUNDAY SERVICES are advertised at a charge of 10s. per year, prepaid, a space of two lines being given to each announcement; extra lines are charged 4d. each. Orders can be sent for a portion of the year, not less than thirteen weeks, at the same rate. Calendar Notices not prepaid £1 the year. Single Announcements 6d. per line. All information as to the change of preachers should reach the Office not later than Thursday.
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